My Mulberry Rose

Words by
BERT HANLON

Music by
JAMES F. HANLEY

Valse moderato

Rosie McSweeney is
Rosie just goe-sie and

tee-ny and wee-nie, and sweet as a chocolate e-claire.

powders her nos-ey and vamps ev-ry guy on the block.

And Tommy McFeeney he thinks she’s a Queen-ie, And
And Rosie’s a pos-ey as you might sup-pos-ey’Cause

they make a peach of a pair. He calls her his Mul-ber-ry
she’s of the four hun-dred stock She looks like a Gould or a

Rose And here’s how the rest of it goes.
Schwab I hope that it don’t swell her knob.

CHORUS

My Mul-ber-ry Rose Wears Fifth Av-en-ue
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clothes She works as a maid for those rich mil-lion-a-ires
hose They’re torn at the heels when she gets them you see

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That's how she gets all the dresses she wears. Most everybody.
Rosie puts ink where the heels ought to be. Most everybody

She's got a gown with a big flowing train. It must have been worn by a Whitney or Payne, 'Cause it's got a stain and it looks like champagne.
She could have married a banker one day. With millions and millions of dollars they say, Now Rosie was there but the guy stayed away.

3rd Chorus
My Mulberry Rose, artists ask her to pose
Harrison Fisher once begged her to come
And pose for a picture called "Simple and dumb"
Most everyone knows my Mulberry Rose
Rosie can dance and she knows how to spiel
But she's got the brain of an ossified eel
Why she thinks a Ford is an automobile
My Mulberry Rose

4th Chorus
My Mulberry Rose, class right down to her toes
Her kisses are sweet, and she hugs me to death.
She eats fairy soap cause it perfumes her breath,
Most everyone knows my Mulberry Rose,
She's got a voice like a flounder or pike
And when she starts singing it sounds like a strike
The kind of a voice only relatives like
My Mulberry Rose.

My Mulberry Rose 2 Artist Copy